

The History of

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* leade him forth into the Parke.

Lady. But heate you, my Lord.

Hot. What sayst thou, my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In fayth ile know your busines; *Harry*, that I wil: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize, but if you

Hot. So far afoor, I shall be weary, loue. (goe.)

La. Come, come, you Parraquito, answer mee directly vnto this question that I shall aske: in fayth ile breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trisler, loue; I loue thee not; I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips; We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes; And passe them currant too: gods me my horse. What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou haue with me?

La. Doe you not loue me? doe you not indeede? Well, doe not then; for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me? Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth question me: Whither I goe: nor reason whereabout: Whither I must, I must: and to conclude, This euening must I leaue you, gentle *Kate*; I know you wife, but yet no farther wife, Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are; But yet a woman, and for secrecie, No Lady closer, for I will beleue, Thou wilt not vter what thou dost not know: And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Henry the

La. How so far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but I Whither I go, thither shall you Today will I set forward; to morrow Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force.

Enter Prince

Prince. Ned, prethee come and mee thy hand to laugh a little.

Poy. Where hast beene, *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Lo foure-score Hogs-heads. I haue to Humility. Sirra, I am sworne bro can call them all by their Christian Francis; they take it already vpon I be Prince of Wales, yet I am the flatly, I am not proud Iacke like a Lad of metall, a good Boy (by th when I am King of England, I Lads in *Eastcheap*. They call drink when you breathe in your watrin play it off. To conclude, I am so g ter of an houre, that I can drinke Language during my life. I will te much honor, that thou wert not sweet Ned: to sweeten which n penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen n skinker, one that neuer spake o he shillings and 6. pence, and You are dition, Anon, anon sir, Skore a pin or so. But Ned, to drine away time doe thou stand in some by-roome Drawer, to what end he gaue me t calling Francis, that histale to me step aside, and ile shew thee a pres

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Fran. Anon, anon sir; looke down

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